Liuia, Seigneur Valentio *and his Cosen* Tibalt, *Lucio and the liuelie* Hellena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.

Ro: Whether to supper?

Ser: To our house.

Ro: Whose house?

Ser: My Masters.

Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

Ser: Now ile tel you without asking: My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben: At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers:
One faire than my loue, the all seeing sonne
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,

But

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

VVife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. VVher's this girle? what* Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*

Iuliet: How now who cals?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

VV: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

VVife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?

VVife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VVell* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she eamarie I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Douehouse wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I do beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*

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